

BURROWING FOR \$200,000.

The Wanderings of an Astonished Woman Spotted a Big Robbery.

Fifteen years ago thieves determined on a big bank robbery. The bank selected was in a city in New Jersey. The enterprise was planned and principally pushed by a clever pickpocket called "Mollie Matches," alias John Larney. He was a man of enterprise, courage and brains, and, what was just as important in a job of this sort, he had money—lots of it. Matches was not a "gopher man" himself, and in no wise worked on banks in a practical, personal way. He belonged to the aristocracy of rogues, was a prime pickpocket, in fact, and if some light-fingered McAllister ever writes a book he will tell you such a man belongs to rogues' "400."

Matches did the outside work. He procured the tools, the section jammers, the spreaders, pullers, wedges, mauls, suction-pumps, putty, powder, fuses, saws, files, drills and drill-brace, as well as various corrosive acids for eating iron and steel. Those tools are necessarily hand-made, as in the nature of things they can only be ordered of trusted men. The men who make them are among the best artisans in the world and the cracksmen tools they turn out are light, elegant, accurate and of great power. The tools for the New Jersey robbery were made in Cleveland, under the direction of a man who was once the chief police officer of that city. They cost Matches \$1,800. The bank was selected because of a vacant dwelling-house on one side, while two streets and an alley were on the other three.

It is well to say right here that banks, and especially those weak banks in small country towns which are the "gophers' pride and joy, had better know who has possession next door. That is where danger generally comes from.

Matches began by bribing the janitor of the bank, who was also its night watchman. He let the talented robber inside one night and an accurate plan of the bank with its money vaults was made. Then Matches rented the house next door, paying for a month in advance. One Saturday evening the gang assembled and the work began. Saturday was selected because the work was going to take time and they would need until Monday morning to complete it. Their purpose was to tunnel into the bank from the neighboring house. Descending to the basement they began, guided by their map of the bank.

All night they milled and toiled in the basement. A good deal of work was done before they had reached the tunnel under the open yard between the buildings for a space of ten feet. But they kept on, for they were within fifty feet of \$200,000. At last the earth taken out began to encumber that part of the basement where the "gophers" were at work. One was detailed to carry it back in a large basket and dump it in a rear room. This rear room had half-windows from which one could see into the back yard, but the "gophers" never thought of that; they were thinking only of the bank and the \$200,000. Matches was not with them, or this mistake might have been averted. He told me this story himself, and was confident nothing would have gone wrong if his mastermind were there.

Trouble began in this wise. The cart for rent was still in the front window. The thieves overlooked that, too. It caught the eye of an old Irish woman bound for early mass on Sunday morning. She coveted the edifice for a "boardin'-house." It was locked, so she went about peering into the windows and described a pile of fresh earth on the floor. The "gophers" had been dumping dirt there about thirty minutes.

"Av O' tuk it," said the old Irish woman to herself, "O' tuk it make the cart for rent to the basement square." And then she journeyed on to early mass and the consolation of her soul. The morning and part of Sunday afternoon sped by. No bees ever worked like the diligent "gophers" nearing the \$200,000. The pile of earth in the back basement grew apace. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the old Irish woman, her mind fraught with "boardin'-house," determined to take another look at the eligible structure that stood in the back. She was astounded at the growth of the mound of earth in the rear basement. From a small, inconsequential heap it had grown until tons of earth were now cumbering the floor.

"Howly virgin, but the house is haunted completely!" exclaimed the horrified lady, and started straight for a priest.

The cleric was not superstitious and smiled at the woman's theory. He started for the house. On the way he noticed a sergeant of police at a minor station. The sergeant knew his business and at once divined the scheme of the thieves. He was also an ambitious officer, and determined to make the capture without first notifying the police office. This was contrary to police rules and disarranged matters mightily. If he had notified his superior the thieves would have got away. The careful Matches had the chief "fixed" and a fleet messenger was in constant waiting in sight of any signal which the chief might give, to fly to the men at work and notify them of discovery. The signal was simple. The chief was to put up a certain window of his office. That means "Look out!"

But the sergeant did not notify the chief. He wanted the credit himself, so he took a squad and captured the industrious "gophers" in their tunnel. "And they were within two hours of the stuff, too," said Matches, sadly, as he related the matter to me. "Two hours more and they'd had that \$200,000!"—Kansas City Star.

Golden Rod and Inducena.

A Maine man says the golden rod is responsible for many cases of influenza. A while ago his little daughter gathered a large bunch and put it in a vase in the parlor. Two sleeping apartments were on the same floor, and the doors are frequently left open at night. Two days after the flowers had been carried into the home several members of the family began to sneeze, complain of sore throat, and feel greatly depressed, but not for several days did they find out the cause of their illness. It is said that the flowers give off an imperceptible powderlike substance, which is taken into the lungs by the sleeper, causing an irritation. It also irritates the throat, produces violent sneezing, makes the limbs feel as though shrouded by some heavy weight, and depresses a person's spirits.

His Old Yellow Almanac.

I left the farm when mother died, and changed my place of dwelling to the stylish house, right in the city street. And there was I, before I came, that sort of "scared me tellin'!" How I would find the town folks was so difficult to meet. And I'd have to wear stiff collars every week day right along. I find I take to city ways just like a duck to water. I like the racket and the noise, and never tire of shows. And there's no end of comfort in the mansion of my daughter. And everything is right at hand, and money freely flows. And hired help is all about, just listenin' for my call. But I miss the yellow almanac of my old kitchen wall. The house is full of calendars, from attic to cellar. They're painted in all colors, and are fancy-like to see. But just in this particular I'm not a modern fellow. And the yellow-covered almanac is good enough for me. I'm used to it, I've seen it 'round from boyhood to the present. And I rather like the jokin' at the bottom of each page. I like the way the "S" stood out to show the week's beginning. (In these new-fangled calendars the days seemed sort of mixed). And a man upon the cover, though he wa'n't exactly winnin'. With lungs and liver all exposed, still showed how we are fixed. And the letters and credentials that were writ to Mr. Ayer. I've often in a rainy day, found readin' very fair. I tried to find one recently; there wa'n't one in the city. They toiled out great calendars in every sort of style. I looked at 'em in cold disdain, and answered 'em in pity: "I'd rather have my almanac than all that costly pile." And, though I take to city life, I'm lonesome after the old yellow almanac upon my kitchen wall. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BEHIND AN OCEAN HORSE.

We were in the Japan sea, cruising for right whales. Our ship was the Georgetown of New Bedford, Capt. Williams—an old seadog, with lists like the knots of an oak tree and a tremendous breadth of shoulders. This man had the reputation of having captured the largest whale ever caught in these seas—a hump-backed "fellow," when on being tried out yielded 140 barrels of oil. The skipper was proud of his fame as a skillful whale-bunter, which, in fact, was well deserved. He could throw the barbed iron further than most men, and was always cool and self-possessed in moments of the greatest peril, whether it was during his fights with the monsters of the deep or with the angry elements. It was a clear, sultry day. Far and near the surface of the sea lay unbroken by a single ripple. A yellowish vapor or haze had, however, for some hours been noticed to windward. It seemed to rise slowly and to spread gradually over the blue, unclouded expanse above us. The sun, meanwhile, had assumed a singular appearance. It had turned to a fiery red color, and was surrounded by a green and blue ring, which seemed to revolve round and round it. Finally a hollow, humming noise was heard, as if some brazen instrument were being blown by unseen beings far above our heads. At the same moment, from aloft, like the wild cry of some distant sea-bird, we heard the voice of Hindok—the Kanaka boat-steerer, who kept a lookout at the mainmast head. "There! blow! There—there—there blow—ow!" "Whereaway?" yelled Williams, through his speaking-trumpet. At the same moment the sun-browned faces of all the men on deck were turned aloft. "Three points of the lee-bow—two miles off—a try right whale, sir. There blow! blow! blow!" "Whereaway, roared the captain. This was done and all hands below came bounding on deck. "Stand by the boats!" was the next order. The boat-steerers—youthful, active fellows, all of them—sprang into their respective boats to get their lines and craft in readiness. "Lower away!" ordered old Williams, with lightning celerity making his way to the deck. The four boats dropped splashing into the sea and the next moment away they went after the whale. In about half an hour we lay on our oars waiting for the whale to come up. Hindok stood in the bow, scanning the ocean with his eagle eyes. He was as usual looking a specimen of an islander as he ever seen. His frame was tall and sinewy, his arms long and sinewy, and his shoulders of great breadth, and his chest round and deep. "Do you see anything, yet?" inquired Williams. "Nothing yet see, sir," answered the islander, casting a dubious glance around him. The haze had filled all the air and the sun's light was darkened ominously. The humming noise previously alluded to grew louder, and we could all see a great line of white water tearing down toward us from windward. Suddenly Hindok, pointing ahead, whispered: "There, dat fellow, sir!" "Your oars, men," hissed the captain through his set teeth. We seized the oars, and the boat glided swiftly and noiselessly toward where the ripples ahead showed that the whale was coming up. We had not got half-way there, when up came the leviathan, shooting straight from the sea, his whole monstrous form revealed, his fins outspread like a pair of wings. A moment he remained poised apparently on the very end of his flukes; then down he came, striking the sea like a thunderbolt, and sending the spray flying in a white, blinding shower all around him. "Now, Hindok—give it to him!" screamed Williams. A line of steel-blue light went through the air, then another, and we were fast. Hindok had put both irons in the whale at the distance of six fathoms. With a backward rush the monster nearly struck the boat. The vapor from his spouts came into our faces, and the boat was thrown over upon her starboard gunwale, was nearly capsized. Down went the whale the next moment, sounding, and away went the boat as if drawn by lightning, with the line humming and drumming round the log-head, and her gunwales nearly on the level with the water. Nearly at the same moment the storm struck us.

All around us the wind howled with terrific fury, and the foam and spray, almost blinding us, drenched every

man to the skin. The ocean seemed one mass of white, boiling water, in which the dragged boat was buried so often that we were nearly swept from our thwarts, while the tub oarsman, whose duty it was to bail, vainly endeavored to keep the craft dry. The air had darkened with the flying rack and scud, which, in torn masses, were blown hither and thither like phantom demons come to seize us and drag us down to the depths below. At last the whale came up, and we heard old Williams give the order to "Haul line there!" "Haul line there!" but it was like hauling along under the surface, for the boat now was almost continually buried. In fact, when we were near enough to enable the captain—who, according to custom, had changed places with Hindok, taking his station in the bow—to hurl his lance, the boat was full of water. Williams, however, standing unmoved, threw the lance. The whale felt it, and, writhing, turned, making straight for the boat. "Stern! stern!" screamed the captain, as he spoke again planting the lance in the monster's body. We endeavored to obey, but a great mass of blinding water, with spray and foam, struck us, and over went the boat. The last object I saw at that time was Capt. Williams, seated astride the capsized boat, churning away vigorously at the whale. Then I lost consciousness.

When I came to I became sensible of a sort of flying motion, as if I were being borne through the air. I opened my eyes to see myself in the arms of Hindok, who sat astraddle on the capsized boat, which was dashing along through the water, drawn by the whale. The storm was still raging, and the effect of the black and scud, with the white, boiling sea, lighted by the ghastly glare of the sun struggling through the vapor was so weird and singular that for a moment I half-believed myself in some unearthly region. Hindok, with his black hair streaming on the blast, and his wild eyes flashing a lambent glare, added to the strange effect of the scene. "Where am I?" I inquired. "All right!" answered Hindok. "Boat capsized; caping hurt whale so he so can go down. All right. We get whale." "Where is the captain?" "Don't know. Guess other boats pick up."

"How came you to pick me up?" "Boat strike you on head. You go faint. Me by you. Me pick you up and get on boat with you. As I had now fully recovered my senses Hindok, cautioning me to hold on hard to the boat's keel, let go of me. I scrambled along behind him and the two were clinging to a capsized boat in a storm, with a whale so injured that it could not sound, dragging us onward. On, on, on. The seas flew up around us, and the spray nearly blinded us, yet we clung firm to our hold. The noise of the noise of thunder. The sharp keel made our position very uncomfortable, and yet we were obliged to maintain it, as any motion sideways would insure the rolling over of the boat, which we could not then hope to regain. It seemed to me as if the speed of that whale would never relax. Away he went to leeward, now and then rising out of the water, revealing his great body with the two irons sticking in it. I had never before obtained such a good view of the whale in motion.

The vast back of the monster was fully shown every time he arose from the creamy waters. There was his hump, so thickly covered with barnacles, as to resemble a billock of oyster shells, with here and there a broad cut which had healed up, but betokened that this was not the first time he had felt the barbed iron. It was, however, the singular appearance of the huge head which most impressed me. Long and ill-shaped, with its diminutive eyes, there was something so unearthly in its appearance every time it was lifted up that I involuntarily thought of the fables of sea-monsters which I had read when a child and which had first inspired me with the desire for a sea life. Drenched and shivering, the situation of Hindok and I was miserable, anything but comfortable, with a rush-jug pain in my head about the region of the temple which told me that I had been struck when I first tumbled into the sea. On—on—still on. Now I glanced behind me, no more to see ship or boats. All were hidden by distance and the black rack of the storm. The speed of the whale, however, had now begun to abate. His motions were palpably more feeble, and his spouting became weak and less frequent, and sounded mournfully. "Soon die now—hooray!" cried wild Hindok, as the whale at last spouted blood. The blood came every moment thicker and slower. The boat's speed now was nearly stopped. Finally over went the monster on his side, the blood now rising scrooby six inches above his spout-hole. He swam feebly, describing a half-circle, and then—he died. "Got whale!" cried Hindok, moving his hands joyfully. "Ay," I answered, "but where is the ship?" "Never mind ship," answered the wild islander, his mouth fairly watering as he looked toward the vast up-heaving body of the monster. "We got whale."

We now contrived to right the boat and bail it out, when Hindok lashed it to the whale. And thus we lay, outriding the storm, far away in mid-ocean, not knowing when or how we would be picked up. By night the storm had abated, but there was as yet no sign of the ship. We were both hungry and thirsty; but every drop of fresh water, and all the rest of the monster, usually carried in whale boats, had been spilled out by the capsizing of the light craft. We did not sleep a wink that night. In the morning still no sign of a sail. Another day passed, and now our parched tongues clove to the roof of our mouths. On the next day we were nearly driven mad for want of water. Hindok's wild eyes rolled in his head, and several times I saw him fasten them

on me with a sort of hungry look, and I knew the vulture-like feeling that animated his breast. Another day—still no sail! At midnight of the next day, which had passed as the others, I lay weak and helpless in the bottom of the boat, where I saw a pair of eyeballs flashing at my face. It was Hindok, who now caught me by the throat, his uplifted sheath-knife gleaming. Vainly I struggled. The point of the knife pricked my flesh, when the fellow suddenly released me. The sound of creaking yards and blocks was heard right ahead. It proved to be our ship, which soon picked us up. We found the captain and all hands safe aboard and told our story. As soon as we had undertaken of relieving the captain about his hands with Hindok and complimented him for so pluckily holding on to the whale. As to the man, they gave three cheers and carried us into the forecastle on their shoulders to listen again to our story of that wild ride on the capsized boat.—N. Y. World.

Salt and Its Uses. For weak eyes, a wash of weak salt and water will prove of much benefit. Salt and water, quite strong, and used persistently for a time, will prevent the hair from falling out. A teaspoonful of salt dissolved in one-half glassful of water is excellent to allay nausea in sick-headaches. To relieve heart-burn drink a half-tumblerful of cold water in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of salt. When wiping up the floor before putting the carpet down, sprinkle it all over with salt, while damp; this will greatly prevent moths. For stings or bites from any kind of insect, apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve, and usually cure very quickly. Salt as a tooth-powder is better than almost any other dentifrice. It keeps the teeth very white, the gums hard and rosy, and the breath fresh. If the throat is very sore, wring a cloth out of cold salt water, and bind it on the throat tightly, when going to bed; cover it with a dry towel. This is excellent. For neuralgia, make a small muslin bag, fill it with salt, heat it very hot, and lay it against the aching place. It will prove a great relief, as salt retains the heat a long time. For troublesome weeds, and for grass in sidewalks, driveways, etc., apply a dressing of coarse salt; this will kill all growth. Be careful not to put it on anything that should not be destroyed, however. For catarrh, sniff up considerable salt and water from the hollow of the hand, every morning. Salt and water, used as a gargle just before going to bed, strengthens the throat and helps to prevent bronchial troubles; it is also excellent for sore-throat. If ink is spilled on the carpet, throw a quantity of salt on it, which will quickly absorb the ink; take this up, and put on more salt. Keep repeating this, rubbing it well into the ink-spot, until the ink is all taken up by the salt; then brush the salt out of the carpet. For a felon, take common rock-salt, such as is used for salting down pork, dry it in an oven, then pound it fine and mix with spirits of turpentine, in equal parts. Put it on a linen rag and wrap around the felon. As it dries put on more, and if followed up the felon will be dead in 24 hours. If anything catches fire or something burning makes a disagreeable smell or smoke, throw salt upon it, at once. If a bright, clear fire is quickly desired, it may readily be obtained by throwing salt upon the coals; likewise, if too much blaze should result from dripping of fat from broiling steak, ham, etc., salt will subdue it.—Good Housekeeping.

Cameos Coming Back. To every old fashion that is revived is added some modern and beautiful touch that enhances its value and interest. Years ago wealthy women wore barbarically heavy earrings, bracelets, and necklaces of cameos set in jewels or plain gold bands. They prized them far more than diamonds, and carefully preserved them in queer old satin-lined boxes for the granddaughters of '90, who turn up their pretty little noses at the heavy ornaments. Some of the cameos were rarely beautiful, but the greater quantity were had had a very lately some of the best new uses for the old gewgaws, as they have long been regarded, and cameos will be much worn from this time out.

Collect all those ugly, dangling earrings and wrist-bands once worn by a proud grandparent, and if they are big and handsome have them set in a broad, flexible gold band, large enough to clasp the arm high above the elbow, like the bracelet worn by those high-nosed, dignified Roman women. Four or five large-sized ones can be set in a bracelet, and if the gold band is not preferred order cameos, each in its original setting, to be linked together and furnished with a clasp. Women who affect statuesque draperies can make admirable use of the largest cameos set as pins to hold silken folds knotted on the shoulders and hips. Jewelers have not forgotten how to use tools at carving the clear white stone, and to-day can be bought in the city of New York most wonderful examples of this art. For instance, on a thick, deeply toned sapphire, set in a rim of diamonds, is carved a warrior's helmeted head, and though the face and head covering are white the hair curling from under the helmet's rim and about the chin is pale gold colored, and every detail in the finish of the hair shows a perfection under a microscope.—Illustrated American.

Gluttons. Among the accounts of enormous eaters there are, perhaps, none more extraordinary than that related in "Fuller's Worthies," concerning Nicholas Wood of Harrison, Kent, England. The account says: He ate at one meal a whole sheep, at another time thirty dozen pigeons. At the residence of Sir William Sidley he ate as much as would have sufficed for thirty men. At Lord Watten's in Kent, he devoured eighty four rabbits at one sitting, which at the rate of a half a rabbit for each man, would serve 168 men. At breakfast he ate thirty pigeons, a whole pudding, and during the day ate a whole hog. When accommodated with fruit he ate three pecks of damsons.

Recognized His Voice. In a St. Louis police court the other day a blind man recognized by his voice a man who had robbed him. He picked him out from a number of persons who were brought in and who said "Good morning" to him. The prisoner confessed.

MISSING LINKS.

Stanley makes the length of the Nile 4,100 miles. Chinamen generally travel by three and four, and are always chattering. Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by foreigners. It is said that there are 15,000 brass bands in this country, with 100,000 performers. Adam Monts, of Bighy Fork, Miss., who is ninety-four years of age, has 400 descendants living. One Colorado county has 100 artesian wells. New ones do not decrease the flow of the old ones. The first and only modern windmill in London is to be seen at work on the top of a warehouse in City Road, London. "I vote away with a big E!" exclaimed a rural member of the Ohio assembly, as he promptly responded to the roll call. Thirty-six years ago the first settler built his house in Omaha, and the Indians reluctantly fell back a few miles to the west.

The horse that General Grant last used is leading a comfortable life on a farm near St. Louis, where it is tenderly cared for. Mrs. Lynn Linton, the English novelist, is said to be one of the most popular women in Great Britain, as well as one of the cleverest. Jean Charlet, a boy aged 11 years, has succeeded in ascending Mount Blanc. He is the youngest climber to accomplish such a feat. The Austrian minister of public instruction requests masters of public schools to cultivate a taste for athletics among their boys. The number of women who avail themselves of the educational privileges offered by Michigan University is constantly increasing. Two of the albums sent to the international exhibition of postage stamps at Vienna were insured for £3,590 and £3,000 respectively. A sensation in New York recently was a handsome turnout drawn by two well-groomed mules, driven by a handsome liveried coachman. Half a dozen New York ladies are said to earn a handsome living by holding conversation classes and giving private lessons in that art. A correspondent describes "Ouida" as "a square, yellow woman," but this, says the N. Y. World, does not alter the fact that "Ouida" is largely read. A young girl rode her horse through a store door at Lynchburg, Va., the other afternoon, and her purchase, said good-bye and backed gracefully out. The average duration of life is greater in Norway than in any other country in Europe. This is attributed to the uniform cool temperature of the climate. A drainage and plumbing bill of \$150,000 is large for one individual to settle, but the duke of Portland has recently completed improvements to that amount. Iron collars for heavy work horses are coming into use. They weigh less than seven pounds, and the advantage of their use is said to be immunity from sore necks. Brazil is larger than the United States, but in the whole twenty states which make up the republic there are not as many people as we have in New York and Pennsylvania. French surveyors have discovered northwest of Suva the bed of an ancient canal running for miles in the direction of the Red Sea, which it seems to have connected with the Mediterranean.

Bacteria Everywhere. The greater majority of these microscopic plants are what the botanists call "bacteria," the smallest form of vegetable life. So small are they that it would take, in some cases, as many as 15,000 of them arranged in a row to extend one inch. They have different forms, some being round, some oval, some rod-shaped, while others are much the shape of a corkscrew. In all cases they are so small that one needs a powerful microscope to examine them, and in no case can we perceive them singly with the naked eye. When countless millions of them are grouped together in a mass or colony we can see them about as we are able to see an approaching army of which we are totally unable to distinguish a single soldier. I have said that these bacteria move about; and this is true of most of them, although there are some which do not appear to move at all, but remain fixed wherever they find a good feeding place. Those that have motion behave in a very peculiar manner; some wobble about in one place without moving forward in the least; others dart hither and thither, back and forth, at an apparently furious pace, rotating and twirling about, and turning a hundred somersaults as they move along. Bacteria multiply very rapidly, and they do this in a very curious way. A single one breaks itself in two; then each half grows very rapidly until it becomes as large as the original. Then these in turn divide up again, and so on, until from a single one we have many thousands in a very short time. To give you the figures, such as they are, a single one can multiply at so enormous a rate that in forty-eight hours it can produce something like 280,000,000,000 of its species. Great consequences follow this enormous increase of bacteria, for while one, so small of itself, can do but little harm, the army resulting from such rapid multiplication makes it possible for them to accomplish a vast amount of damage.—St. Louis Republic.

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JOS. KELLOGG & CO'S STEAMERS
Two of the albums sent to the international exhibition of postage stamps at Vienna were insured for £3,590 and £3,000 respectively. A sensation in New York recently was a handsome turnout drawn by two well-groomed mules, driven by a handsome liveried coachman. Half a dozen New York ladies are said to earn a handsome living by holding conversation classes and giving private lessons in that art. A correspondent describes "Ouida" as "a square, yellow woman," but this, says the N. Y. World, does not alter the fact that "Ouida" is largely read. A young girl rode her horse through a store door at Lynchburg, Va., the other afternoon, and her purchase, said good-bye and backed gracefully out. The average duration of life is greater in Norway than in any other country in Europe. This is attributed to the uniform cool temperature of the climate. A drainage and plumbing bill of \$150,000 is large for one individual to settle, but the duke of Portland has recently completed improvements to that amount. Iron collars for heavy work horses are coming into use. They weigh less than seven pounds, and the advantage of their use is said to be immunity from sore necks. Brazil is larger than the United States, but in the whole twenty states which make up the republic there are not as many people as we have in New York and Pennsylvania. French surveyors have discovered northwest of Suva the bed of an ancient canal running for miles in the direction of the Red Sea, which it seems to have connected with the Mediterranean.

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